# GOD'S SECOND GIFT.

## Dr. Talmage Says It Is Better Than This World.

### Spiritual Blessings and the Glories of the World to Come Compared with the "South Land" of This Life.

[Copyright, 1898.]

Taking for his text an oriental scene seldom noticed, Dr. Talmage discusses the supernatural advantages of religion for this world and the next; text, Joshua, XV, 19: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to anyone who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do, and yet the man that could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. Besides, I do not think that Caleb was as foolish in offering his daughter to the conqueror of Debir as thousands in this city who seek alliances for their children with those who have large means without any reference to moral or mental acquirements. Of two evils I would rather measure happiness by the length of the sword than by the length of the pocketbook. In one case there is sure to be one good element of character; in the other there may be none at all. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, Gen. Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job to conquer the girl's heart, for however faint hearted a woman herself may be she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that.

The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay, and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous, and, sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amid the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him: "Thou has given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

The fact is that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us his world. I am very thankful He has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I am not satisfied with the portion. Trees and flowers and grass and blue skies are very well in their places, but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery siroccos; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman, that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amid the surroundings of pomp is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out: "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows!" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George II. cries out: "Who is this Hogarth? Take his trumpery out of my presence."

Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words: "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room! There is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave!" Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or at any rate only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave. When I arise in the morning, my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that? I need to go no farther than your street to find an illustration of what I am saying.

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—and you know what I mean by thoroughly successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him to business; care drags him back. Take your stand at two o'clock at the corner of the streets and see the agonized physiogomies. Your high officials, your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers and your retailers as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps, and making no appeal to God for help or comfort many of them are tossed every whither. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of 14 rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worriment since you won that $50,000 than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more because they have only $50,000 left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favored man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited. Yet at the close of his life he says: "Behold, 83 years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is a "south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrows, and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

Blessed be God, we have more advantages given us than we can really appreciate! We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nether springs and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasures of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life! I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of Heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters. If he walk forth, Heaven is his bodyguard. If he lie down to sleep, ladders of light, angel blossoming, are let into his dreams. If he be thirsty, the potentates of Heaven are his cupbearers. If he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the King's banquet. Men say: "Look at that odd fellow with the wornout coat." The angels of God cry: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry: "Get off my front steps!" The doorkeepers of Heaven cry: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom!" When he comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of Heaven.

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh, these nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal: "The Lord knoweth them that are His." "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon thee." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the Heavenly wall, the yellow of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with dropsies, I heard an old man in the poorhouse cry out: "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!" I looked around and said: "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leap as a hare and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a juiceless and joyless religion, but I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moment said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God!" "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would this morning like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live,
'Tis religion can supply
Sweetest comfort when we die.

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by this text. It seems that old Father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land;" not only that, but the nether springs; not only that, but the upper springs. O God, my Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me a "south land" in this world and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank Thee for the upper springs in Heaven!

It is very fortunate that we cannot see Heaven until we get into it. O Christian man, if you could see what a place it is we would never get you back again to the office, or store, or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected! I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there and heard the song and looked at their raptured faces and mingled in the supernal society, we would cry out: "Let us stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now. Let us stay!" And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world if once we got there, but as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices into that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks from beneath the throne. Another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple. Another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water."

O Saviour Divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal victory! Hear it! They are never sick there; not so much as a headache or twinge rheumatic or thrust neuralgic. The inhabitant never says: "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of the great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is majesty on every brow. There is joy in every heart. There is hosanna on every lip. How they must pity us as they look over and look down and see us and say: "Poor things away down in that world!" And when some Christian is hurled into a fatal accident they cry: "Good! He is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one whose strength is going away and we shake our heads forebodingly they cry: "I'm glad he is worse. He has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" Oh, if we could only get our ideas about that future world untwisted, our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said: "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said: "To-day, Florence." "To-day? So soon? I am so glad!"

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, O Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration! The day of your deliverance is coming—is coming, rolling on with the shining wheels of the day, and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scour the deck and coil the rope, for harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down the Narrows to meet you. "Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed."

Man of the world, will you not today make a choice between these two portions, between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water courses? Why let your tongue be consumed of thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs—comfort here and glory hereafter?

You and I need something better than this world can give us. The fact is that it cannot give us anything after awhile. It is a changing world. Do you know that even the mountains on the back of a thousand streams are leaping into the valley? The Alleghenies are dying. The dews with crystalline mallet are hammering away the rocks. Frosts and showers and lightnings are sculpturing Mount Washington and the Catskills. Niagara every year is digging for itself a quicker plunge. The sea all around the earth on its shifting shores is making mighty changes in bar and bay and frith and promontory. Some of the old seacoasts are midland now. Off Nantucket, eight feet below low-water mark, are found now the stumps of trees, showing that the waves are conquering the land. Parts of Nova Scotia are sinking. Ships to-day sail over what, only a little while ago, was solid ground. Near the mouth of the St. Croix river is an island which, in the movements of the earth, is slowly but certainly rotating. All the face of the earth is changing—changing. In 1831 an island springs up in the Mediterranean sea. In 1866 another island comes up under the observation of the American consul as he looks off from the beach. The earth all the time changing, the columns of a temple near Bizoli show that the water has risen nine feet above the place it was when these columns were put down. Changing! Our Colorado river, once vaster than the Mississippi, flowing through the great American desert, which was then the Eden of luxuriance, has now dwindled to a small stream creeping down through a gorge. The earth itself, that was once vapor, afterward water—nothing but water—afterward molten rock, cooling off through the ages until plants might live and animals might live and men might live changing all the while, now crumbling, now breaking off. The sun, burning down gradually in its socket. Changing, changing, an intimation of the last great change to come over the world even infused into the mind of the heathen who has never seen the Bible.

The Hindoos believe that Brahma, the creator, once made all things. He created the water, then moved over the water, out of it lifted the land, grew the plants and animals and men on it. Out of his eye went the sun. Out of his lips went the fire. Out of his ear went the air. Then Brahma laid down to sleep 4,320,000,000 years. After that they say, he will wake up, and then the world will be destroyed, and he will make it over again, bringing up land, bringing up creatures upon it, then lying down again to sleep 4,320,000,000 years, then waking up and destroying the world again—creation and demolition following each other, until after 320 sleeps, each one of these slumbers 4,320,000,000 years long, Brahma will wake up and die and the universe will die with him—an intimation, though very faint, of the great change to come upon this physical earth spoken of in the Bible, but while Brahma may sleep our God never slumbers nor sleeps, and the Heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up.

"Well," says some one, "if that is so, if the world is going from one change to another, then what is the use of my toiling for its betterment?" That is the point on which I want to guard you. I do not want you to become misanthropic. It is a great and glorious world. If Christ could afford to spend 33 years on it for its redemption, then you can afford to toil and pray for the betterment of the nations and for the bringing on of the glorious time when all people shall see the salvation of God. While therefore I want to guard you against misanthropic notions in respect to this subject I have presented, I want you to take this thought home with you: This world is a poor foundation to build on. It is a changing world, and it is a dying world. The shifting scenes and the changing sands are only emblems of all earthly expectation. Life is very much like this day through which we have passed. To many of us it is storm and darkness, then sunshine, storm and darkness, then afterward a little sunshine, now again darkness and storm. Oh, build not your hopes upon this uncertain world! Build on God. Confide in Jesus. Plan for an eternal residence at Christ's right hand. Then, come sickness or health, come joy or sorrow, come life or death, all is well, all is well.

In the name of the God of Caleb and his daughter, Achsah, I this day offer you the "upper springs" of unfading and everlasting rapture.

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**A Screw Loose Somewhere.**

Husband—Why don't you wear your new dress?

Wife—It is unbecoming, or else it is out of style, or possibly it is a horrible misfit, I'm not sure which; but I must look like a fright or a simpleton in it.

Husband—Why so?

"All my friends praise it."—N. Y. Weekly.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Tommy—"Pa, what does 'better-half' mean?" Papa—"It is a polite way of saying 'the whole thing.'"—Answers.

In Installments.—"Is her hair her own?" "I believe about half of it is. She's getting it on the installment plan."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"A lawyer, eh? Does he pursue his calling?" "Hardly, he seems rather to be trying to ambush it."—Detroit Journal.

Mrs. Pitt—"Has Mrs. Oakland any children?" Mrs. Penn—"She has two, a boy and a girl. The boy is a '95 model and the girl a '97."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Tommy Gets the Best of It.—Mamma—"Well, Tommy, you know no one will love you if you are so naughty." Tommy—"Satan will. He loves naughty boys best."—Fun.

Fuddy—"Call Fiddler a poor man! Why, that fellow has money to burn." Duddy—"Possibly that may account for it. I know he never has any to spend."—Boston Transcript.

"Jack was poor and Clara persuaded me to marry him; she said a true woman always married for love." "Well?" "Then she went and fell in love with a rich man."—Chicago Record.

Epitaph.—

He'd riches in plenty, but soon it sped;
Poor to the grave went he when he was dead.
He strove to get wealthy, but lost his health;
Then strove to get healthy and lost his wealth.
—Judge.

"And did your daughter make a good match?" asked one lady of another. "Indeed she did," replied the other. "Her husband is considered the shrewdest and most unprincipled lawyer in the state, and of course he will be able to gratify her every wish."—Chicago Daily News.

## HARVEST HOME SEASON.

### Various Forms of Celebration That Prevail in Different Lands—Quaint Customs.

Of all autumn customs "harvest home" is one of the oldest, and has been celebrated in different ways and with degrees of jollity in every country from time immemorial.

The corn-husking festival is peculiar to New England. Great yellow and red ears of corn are piled in a heap in the barn, which is gayly decorated with fruits and autumn flowers. Festoons of apple parings decorate doors and windows, and there are plenty of jack-o'-lanterns. After the husking follow a supper and dance, or possibly a straw ride by the light of the hunter's moon. Sometimes the load of corn is brought to the barn by oxen with gilded horns.

Crack Nut Night is the name of a harvest festival peculiar to some old towns in Connecticut. Quantities of nuts of all kinds, with apples and cider, are consumed. Games wind up the evening.

In California the "vintage festival" takes the place of the harvest home. The occasion is often celebrated by the presentation of a Greek drama, the stage settings, costumes and environments being all classic. Some spot is chosen for the festival which presents a natural amphitheater. The Olympic games are represented with javelin and discus throwing and running and wrestling. The libations at the altars of the gods are of pure wine.

Many quaint old customs survive in England. One which is connected with the feast of ingathering, or harvest home, is the "kern supper," which is given to the laborers by the farmer on the completion of the cutting of the corn.

The "mell supper" is another name for this festival. When the sickle is laid down and the last sheaf set on end it is said that they have "got the kern," the fact being announced by loud shouting on the part of the reapers, and an image, crowned with wheat and dressed in a white frock and colored ribbons, is hoisted on a pole by the tallest and strongest men of the party. All circle around the "kern baby," or harvest queen, and proceed to the barn, where they set the image on high and proceed to do justice to the harvest supper.

In Scotland the dressed sheaf is called "the maiden," and is fixed up like a doll. The youngest girl in the harvest field has the privilege of cutting "the maiden." Its head is formed of ears of oats; a broad blue ribbon is tied in a bow around the neck, and a skirt of paper completes the costume. In some parts of Scotland the last sheaf is known as the "clyack" or "cailleach" (old woman). It has a white cap, a dress, a little shawl over the shoulders, fastened with a sprig of heather, an apron turned up to form a pocket, which is stuffed with bread and cheese, and a sickle is stuck in the string of the apron at the back. At the harvest feast the "cailleach" is placed at the head of the table, the company drink to her and in the evening the lads dance with her.

In Cornwall the last sheaf is called "the neck," and is gayly decked with ribbons. In Devonshire a small quantity of the ears of the last corn is tied together into a curious kind of figure, which is brought home with great acclamation, hung up over the table and kept till the next year. It is called a "knack," and bad luck betide the household which parts with it.—N. Y. Tribune.

# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, : Jan. 12, 1899.


FOR GOVERNOR,

## P. WAT HARDIN,

OF HARRODSBURG.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

**For Representative.**

We are authorized to announce JOSEPH P. ROSE, of Lacy creek, Wolfe county, as a candidate for Representative in the next General Assembly from the counties of Wolfe and Morgan, subject to action of the Democratic party.

**For State Auditor.**

We are authorized to announce JOHN B. CHENAULT, of Madison county, as a candidate for Auditor of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic convention in 1899.

THE enrollment at Hazel Green Academy is larger this year than at the same time during any year since it was founded, but a large part of this patronage comes from abroad. Why an institution so well and favorably known should be subjected to the support of strangers is a question that can be answered only by the fact that THE HERALD, also, derives most of its support from advertisers and subscribers at a distance. Here are two institutions that have done more to make Hazel Green famous than all else, and yet they would starve did they depend alone upon home support. There is no town of the size of this in Kentucky, or elsewhere, that can boast of institutions superior, respectively considered, nor is there a town of like size where relatively good institutions do not derive a far better support. Home enterprises should be fostered first, last, and all the time if a town would prosper. The people here seem to have a little pride in both of the institutions named, but it is not a "paying" pride. What would Hazel Green be without her academy and her newspaper, are problems we have several times heard propounded with the implied inference that she would be indeed insignificant. And yet these people do not do their duty by either, at least to the extent they should and could. In regard to THE HERALD it is only necessary to look over its advertising columns, and it will be seen that not a merchant advertises. It is not so in other towns where newspapers are published, and if the business men here had proper pride it would not be so here.

BR'ER SEITZ, the defeated candidate for congress in this district, we understand, has an appointment under Collector Roberts, of the Seventh revenue district, and is now temporarily engaged at a distillery in Frankfort. Personally Bill Seitz is a clever fellow, a level headed business man and a good citizen, and his host of friends in this section will rejoice to hear of his preferment.

THE acquisition of our foreign territory will add much that we could very well do without. The country that is already unable to give employment to its citizens, commits an egregious error when it enlarges that citizenship.

THE Courier-Journal is being credited with the nomination of Admiral Dewey and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee as a presidential ticket, but Billee Polk, of the Lexington Observer, sprung the same scheme several months since.

**Old papers 20c. a hundred.**

THIS section of our state has never yet had proper representation in the division of state offices, and unless we are wide awake the next state government is likely to be unrepresented by an official from this section. The only chance we see to get in a candidate is to pin our faith to John B. Chenault, of Richmond, for auditor and fight for him to the finish. The office is a most important one to the tax payers of the state, and in no section should the people be so deeply interested in the selection of a competent man to fill the position than the people of the mountains. The farmers of Eastern Kentucky, who have in the past been discriminated against, owe it to their own interests to see that the best man, and a man from our end of the state, if possible, shall be elected. Mr. Chenault's experience among the financier's of the state, the fact that he is a resident of the "east end," and his instinctive devotion to our interests especially commend him to the consideration of the citizens of this section, and he ought to go to the state convention with the solid vote of every county east of Lexington, to say the least. The way to win is to get the start and keep it; or, as old John Harper used to say, "run from eend to eend." Mr. Chenault now has the start, and if his constituents will but stick to him he is bound to win, and stick we must.

HON. W. J. BRYAN addressed the Duckworth Club at Cincinnati on Saturday night, and his reception was in the nature of an ovation. The Duckworth is the star Democratic organization of the state, and many distinguished Democrats from other states were present.—Mr. Bryan talked of the Chicago platform and silver at 16 to 1, but his speech was mainly directed at the administration and its acquisition of foreign territory, which he characterized as un-American and un-Democratic. He held that the United States can not consistently held the Philippines by force of superior strength and at the same time maintain at home a government of, for and by the people. Both the Cubans and the Filipinos are entitled to the freedom for which they have fought.

THE business men of Lexington are making an effort to have an army post established at that place, and here's hopin' they may succeed in their undertaking. There is nothing too good for Lexington, and as it can't have THE HERALD and its editor, we want the people to rejoice in the possession of some of the other good things of this life, at least.

HAD the Courier-Journal named Mr. McKinley snd Gen. Wheeler as its choice for president and vice-president the preference would be more in accord with its past policy, notwithstanding its announcement that as between McKinley and Bryan it is for the latter. The C.-J. is a bit gauzy to any one with good eyes.

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The American flag flies from the wreck of the Maine, blue jackets from the Texas having unfurled the colors.

**How to Prevent Pneumonia.**

You are perhaps aware that pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of la grippe. During the epidemic of la grippe a few years ago when so many cases resulted in pneumonia, it was observed that the attack was never followed by that disease when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used. It counteracts any tendency of a cold or la grippe to result in that dangerous disease. It is the best remedy in the world for bad colds and la grippe. Every bottle warranted. For sale by J. Taylor Day.


**ARE YOU A DEMOCRAT?**

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Paid up Capital, $200,000.00.
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This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. oct18,1y

**FOR SALE**

Desiring to close out my business at this place, I offer for sale all of my

**Blacksmith, Carriage and Wood-Workers' Tools,**

consisting of the latest models. Also, Material and Supplies, a great variety and the best quality. Also,—

**Two Saddle and Harness Horses,**

GOOD ONES, aged 5 and 6 years, and perfectly safe for any one to drive. One First-class Buggy and Harness, HOUSEHOLD FORNITURE, &c.

☞Parties in need of any of the above, can secure bargains by calling on

JOHN H. ROSE, Hazel Green, Ky.

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# Greatest Clothing Sale

In the History of the Trade,
At

# Louis & Gus Straus',

Lexington's Leading Clothing House.

We are badly overstocked in every department. We propose to sell you bargains when you want them and not when the season is over.

JUST THINK OF A GOOD WARM OVERCOAT at 99 cents. A beautiful satin-lined, Kersey overcoat, finest made, worth $25.00, at $12.50. 250 Boys' All-Wool Scotch Suits, double breasted, sizes 5 to 16 years, worth $4, at $2 a suit. Beautful blue and black cheviots, double breasted, up to 20 years old, worth $10, at $5.

Remember we have clothing for the Workingman—Farmer—Banker. We do not carry cheap trashy goods but represent such manufacturers as Alfred Benjamin & Co., Strous Bros., Fechheimer, Keifer & Co., and all the leading manufacturers of the United States. You cannot afford to miss this sale as you may never have another chance in your lifetime.

We are agents for "Newburgh Never-Rip Pants," and will give you 10 per cent. off on all goods.

Beautiful Natural Wool Undershirts and Drawers worth $2, at $1 a suit.

The best Fleece-lined Undershirts and Drawers, worth $2, at $1 a suit.

100 dozen Fancy Shirts made by Hutchinson, Pierce & Co., at 75 cents. Price never named heretofore, and worth $1.50.

☞You can afford to borrow money and pay interest to buy these goods at prices named.

**LOUIS & GUS STRAUS,**

Lexington's Leading Clothiers.

**THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE**

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THE HERALD gives you all the local news, political and social, keeps you in close touch with your neighbors and friends, on the farm and in the village, informs you as to local prices for farm products, the condition of crops and prospects for the year, and is a bright, newsy, welcome and indispensable weekly visitor at your home and fireside.

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**KENTUCKY WESLEYAN ACADEMY**

AT CAMPTON.

—HISTORY—

First Winter session opened Jan. 6, 1896.—110 students enrolled.
Second Winter session opened Jan. 4, 1897.—165 students enrolled.
Third Winter session opened Jan. 11, 1898.—185 students enrolled.
Fourth Winter session will open Jan. 3, 1899, (prospects excellent).
(These enrollments do not include public school.)

**WHY IS THE K. W. A. SO SUCCESSFUL?**

1st. We do not encourage deadbeats nor tolenate persons of bad habits.
2nd. Those inclined to be untruthful, sporty or immoral are sent to other schools.
3rd. The students that we encourage are those who are earnest, steady, and who mean business.
4th. The moral and intellectual standard is high and improving from year to year.
5th. It has proved to be a safe place for young people.

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C. J. NUGENT, A. B., Graduate K. W. C., Winchester, Ky.
Mrs. E. E. BISHOP, Graduate in Business and Stenography, Bowling Green, Ky.
Miss DAISY POLLOCK, Instructor in Music—Piano, Organ, Guitar, and Voice Culture.
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Actual expenses lower than at any other school.
Session closes day before teachers' examination in May.
Send for winter announcement, or call and see for yourselves.

E. E. BISHOP, Principal.

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Permanently cured by using DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE. The surest and the best. Sample sent free on mention of this publication. THE DR. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO., South Bend, Indiana.

**Hood's Pills**

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

**Rouse the Liver**

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box.

Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

# THE HERALD.

Circuit court will convene at Campton on Monday.

James H. Swango arrived home Saturday, and on Monday paid Ezel a flying visit.

Coal is in greater demand here than for many years, owing to the condition of the roads.

Recent rains made a good tide in Red river and the log men succeeded in floating a great many logs.

Rev. J. H. Wallin, wife and daughtter, visited the parents of Mrs. Wallin, on Gillmore, this week.

Carl Mize left Monday morning for Mt. Sterling, where he will spend a week or so with relatives and friends.

Rev. J. H. Wallin will preach at Rose Chapel, on Lacy Creek, next Sunday at 11 o'clock. Everybody invited.

THE HERALD has the distinction of being the only paper published in Kentucky without local advertising.

Died, Jan. 5, 1898, Mrs. Celia Ann Clark, of pneumonia, after an illness of nine days, aged 57 years and five months.

Sherman Elam, of the Wheelrim fork of Johnson, visited his father-in-law, Merril Tyler and family near town last week.

Chas. Edward French, of Lexington Bible College, and Miss Mallie James were married by Wm. H. Cord on the morning of the 28th ult.

Woodson Taulbee, who has been building up his health at the home of his grandfather, Maj. Taulbee, left Monday for his home at Mt. Sterling.

CURE rheumatism by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by neutralizing the acid in the blood permanently relieves aches and PAINS.

Two or three men made an attempt to steal a copper still and worm from Taylor Day's warehouse a few nights since, but were frightened away by passing pedestrians.

Born, on Thursday night last, to the wife of Ed. F. Cecil, twins, a boy and girl; both dead. Mrs. Cecil has since been dangerously ill, but is now improving slowly.

With hogs at $3.00 per 100 pounds and corn at 25 cents a bushel everybody ought to have hog and hominy. The editor shore would, if the delinquents would dance up.

On Sunday at the Christian Church the topics for sermons will be: at 11 a. m., "Some Characteristics of the Apostolic Churches"; at 6:30 p. m., "The Gospel." You will be welcomed at both services.

Drs. Mason and S. B. Kash on Monday removed a tumor from the index finger of Sammy, the 10-year old son of John Davidson near Daysboro, first putting the patient under the influence of chloroform.

Died, Thursday, June 5, Mrs. Sarah Alice Gilbert (nee Rose). Mrs. Gilbert was the daughter of Squire John Rose, and at the time of her demise was with her husband, who was engaged in logging in Breathitt county.

Jesse Burdette, fireman on the Coal Road, fell between the cars and was cut in two last Friday evening near Rothwell. His mangled remains were taken to Mt. Sterling and prepared for burial at Ashland, his former home.

Wilbur Patton, of Breathitt, and Paris Brown and Boyd Whitt, of Morgan county, are among the new recruits reported from Lexington. They are members of the Twenty-second infantry, which regiment will soon sail for Manila.

This year will be one in which every good Democrat should endeavor to keep abreast of the times by having wholesome Democratic literature. Take THE HERALD and the Louisville Dispatch. $1.00 in cash will bring them both to you for a year. tf

## FAMOUS SILVER MINE.

**County Judge Center, of Wolfe, Thinks He Has Struck It Rich.**

County Judge Center, one of the best known and most widely esteemed men in this county, thinks he has located the long sought Swift silver mine.

This is the mine so many persons have spent such fabulous sums in trying to unearth and is the one that Mrs. Timmons, of this place, has spent a fortune looking for. Judge Center said the other day that while looking over a large boundary of timber about three miles from this place with the intention of purchasing the same, he discovered a cave at the head of a hollow and looking like there were some peculiarities, he concluded that he would investigate.

Securing a guide they proceeded through the laurel and ivy, up the steep and rocky hill, having the most of the time to cut a path so they could proceed on their way to the cave, which they finally reached, after a half of day of hard labor.

The Judge says that after arriving at the cave that, to his utter surprise, he found that a number of years ago that some persons had used the cave for the purpose of mining some kind of ore. He says there is still a large lot of ore that had not been mined lying in the cave.

There had been considerable work done on the side of the hill to get the ore out so it could be worked by the miners in small quantities. Judge Center says he is satisfied that there has not been a person to the cave in the last thirty years.

He broke some small pieces from the rock in the cave, which contain a kind of ore that resembles silver. He has the pieces on exhibition at his office in this place.—Campton dispatch in Lexington Herald.

### Called to Kansas.

Elder Jim Tom Pieratt, who is called "Talmage" by his friends, has received an invitation from a Christian church in Crawford county, Kansas, to preach a trial sermon, and will leave for that place within the next ten days. Should his maiden sermon prove satisfactory, he will be engaged as their pastor during the ensuing year. While we should be indeed sorry to lose Bro. Pieratt and his estimable wife as neighbors and citizens, our loss will be a gain for Kansas, and in common with his host of friends here we are proud to know that "Jim Tom's" lines are at last to fall in pleasant places. For several years past he has been a most faithful servant in the Master's cause and the sheaves that he has garnered for His grainery, in the lost sheep of Israel, will aggregate hundreds. But his has been a labor of love, and now that the Lord seems to have smiled upon him with satisfaction we hope soon to hear that he has been rewarded with a goodly share of "the loaves and fishes." One less faithful than he would have lost heart ere this, but firm in the faith and a living example of the axiom, "all things come to him who waits," he can now evidence its truism and rejoice in his earthly reward.

### Our Soldier Boys.

George L. Athey, formerly with the Second Kentucky, is now a member of the Twenty-second infantry, and writing to THE HERALD says: "Please tell your readers that I am now a member of Co. D, 22d U. S. Regular Infantry, and will start to Manilla about January 15, 1899. I enlisted at Lexington, Ky., the 24th inst., and left that place for Fort Crook the same day. There are several 2d Kentucky boys in this regiment. Of course the standing army is better prepared to take care of men than the volunteer army: we have nice barracks to stay in, and it is as comfortable as most of the hotels in proud old Kentucky, the land of my nativity. I enlisted for three years, but no matter where I may roam, my heart will ever fondly revert to the mountains of my old Kentucky home, I am well and well satisfied."

### Has Located in Nebraska.

The following letter received from Dr. W. G. Lockhart, the dentist, explains why he has not kept his appointment at this place: "Dear Cooper: I write you to inform you that I will not be at Hazel Green when I intended for I am located here for a year. Drop the advertisement from the THE HERALD and mail it to my address here. I am sorry to disappoint the people if it is any disappointment. Give my regards to all, and keep a large share for Mrs. Cooper and yourself."

One thousand Cubans have been selected for duty on the police force in Havana by Gen. Ludlow. A detective bureau is also being organized there.

## Grim Grip's Deadly March

**Deals Death and Destruction to Many.**

**Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Louisville Terrorized by the Awful Scourge. All Great Centers of Population Affected.**

The depressing effects of the present epidemic of Grip are apparent everywhere. Teachers, clerks, business men, mechanics laborers, street car drivers, school children, police officers and even the doctors all furnish victims by the hundreds.

No remedy yet discovered can show results equal to Dr. Miles Restorative Nervine. It quickly overcomes the excessive exhaustion, invigorates the appetite and assists nature to throw off the deadly microbes from the system. In times of epidemic like the present it should be taken as a preventive of disease.

"Grip had left me a physical wreck; weak, helpless and miserable. I could not eat; could not sleep; could not gain any strength, and had nervous prostration of the worst kind. Our home physician could not help me and I commenced using Dr. Miles' Nervine. The first night's sleep that I had had in four months came as the result of two first doses. When I had taken two bottles I felt better than I had before in years, and continued to improve until I was entirely cured."

ELI WOODARD, Plymouth, Ills.

All druggists are authorized to sell Dr. Miles' Nervine on a guarantee that first bottle benefits or money refunded. Be sure and get Dr. Miles' Nervine. Booklet on heart and Nerves sent free. Address

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

FRUITS. FLOWERS. SHADE.

## The Blue-Grass Nurseries!

FALL 1898.

Everything for Orchard, Lawn and Garden.
Fruits and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Vines, Small Fruits, Rhubard, Aspargus, and all stock grown in Nurseries.

Prices reasonable, as we employ no agents.

Descriptive Catalogue on application.

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MALONEY & ADAMS,
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Repair Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry of all kinds, at the lowest prices, and guarantee satisfaction in all cases. Special attention to orders by mail.

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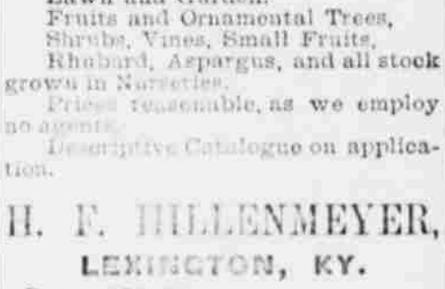


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## Red River Valley Railway Co.'s TIME CARD.

Train leaves McCausey at 6 o'clock a. m., connecting with train at Rothwell for Mt. Sterling. Returning, leaves Rothwell at 4 p. m. JAMES MUIR, Gen. Agt. Rothwell, Ky.

# TRAINING AND FEED STABLES

I have opened my Training and Feed Stable, and will keep on hand plenty of feed and a full supply of vehicles and traps. Parties coming from a distance, who may desire horses pastured for a few days or weeks can have the best pasture at reasonable rates.

## LIVERY STABLES.

Also, for the convenience and accommodation of guests of the Day House, at Hazel Green, and L Park Hotel at Torrent, I have opened nearby two first-class livery stables, where I will keep buggies, saddle horses and hacks for hire at all times. Persons wishing a vehicle to meet them at McCausey can telephone me and have any desired vehicle or saddle horse promptly.

I will also have a full supply of hacks for hire to drummers, which will be in charge of careful drivers, and for which they can contract by the day for any length of time.

Persons intending to visit Day and Swango Springs will be met at either McCausey or Torrent with team and driver, and I will have pleasure in shipping water for them whenever desired:

Day and Swango water, fresh and free, on ice and tap for guests at L Park Hotel.

## J. TAYLOR DAY.

BEFORE AND AFTER USING.

**RESTORED MANHOOD** DR. MOTT'S NERVERINE PILLS

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

They banish pain and prolong life. ONE GIVES RELIEF.

# R·I·P·A·N·S

No matter what the matter is, one will do you good, and you can get ten for five cents.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (or tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents. Best medicine ever made since the world was created.

## F. A. LYON, JR.,
OF BEATTYVILLE, KY.,
**The Leading Insurance Agent of Eastern Kentucky,**

REPRESENTS NONE BUT THE OLD AND RELIABLE COMPANIES. You cannot afford to insure without seeing him. Issues the most liberal dwelling house policy in existence. He will furnish any who contemplates building a dwelling to cost from $500 to $2,500 with plans and specifications free.

Post No Bills on this wall.

MRS. S. B. KASH,
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HERALD JOB PRINTING IS THE BEST, and the cheapest

OLD PAPERS, Clean and Nice, for sale at this office at 20 cents per 100.

# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : : KY.


### TWO CITIES.

Two cities lying together—
One full of dust and strife,
And the weary, hopeless, battle
For gain and fame and life.

The other, crowded with people,
Yet oh! so calm and still,
With the green grass like a carpet,
Unsoiled on vale or hill.

There are feet within the city,
But they seem content to rest;
And hands that lie close folded
Over each tranquil breast;

And eyes that behold no beauty
In earth, or sea, or sky;
And hearts that have ceased their throbbing,
Full satisfied, they lie.

In the flood of noontide glory,
In the moonlight's peaceful glow;
Peasant and lord together,
As the seasons come and go.

Two cities upon the borders
Of a river dark and wide—
One where the people tremble
To cross the swelling tide,

And enter the icy waters
With prayers and bated breath;
This is the land of the living—
The river, the men call Death.

One step and the other city,
With its shafts of marble white
Marking the narrow dwellings,
Looms up before our sight.

Some day we shall join the sleepers
Who rest beneath the sod,
And live in "God's silent acre,"
That never a foot hath trod.
—Lizzie DeArmond, in Ohio Farmer.

# An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

[Copyrighted, 1896, by F. Tennyson Neely.]

SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I. — Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had jilted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam, on his wedding trip.

Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs. Tremaine and daughter Florence. A hasty note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.

Chapter IV.—Young McLane dictates to Merriam, a dying message, which is sent to Parry (a young Chicago lawyer and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to swoon. He is taken to the Tremaine's; calls for Florence.

Chapter V.—Engagement of Florence Tremaine to Merriam is announced; wedding shortly follows.

Chapter VI.—Mr. McLane is mysteriously shot in San Francisco. Merriam is greatly excited when he reads account in papers. While still in mourning Mrs. McLane prepares to visit Fort Sedgwick.

Chapter VII.—Mrs. McLane arrives at the fort. Merriam is startled at the news, and he and his wife absent themselves from the formal hop that evening.

Chapter VIII.—Mr. and Mrs. Merriam pay their respects to the widow on an evening when she would be sure to have many other callers. When the call is returned Merriam is away, and his wife pleads illness as excuse for not seeing her. Mrs. McLane receives telegram: "Arrested, Chicago. Your uncle stricken—paralysis. You will be summoned. Secure papers, otherwise lose everything. C. M." She faints and is revived with difficulty.

Chapter IX.—Mrs. McLane desires to see Merriam. Grafton persuades him to go, but the widow postpones the meeting till next noon.

Chapter X.—Florence learns Merriam has been to see Mrs. McLane, and in a storm of passion will not allow him to explain. Shortly after Merriam is intercepted by Fannie McLane as he is passing through Grafton's yard. Florence witnesses the meeting, which she supposes has been prearranged, and swoons.

Chapter XI.—Mrs. McLane begs Merriam for papers given him by her stepson, but which he tells her were all forwarded to Parry. Merriam upon leaving her learns of a raid by greasers upon the stables who had killed one of the guards and wounded another.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

There was no difficulty in learning at the wretched shack at the edge of the reservation which way they had gone. Nine at least were in the party, and the hoof tracks led away southwestward across the flat until they struck the line of the railway, two miles west of the Junction. Here there seemed to have been a brief halt, discussion, possibly a divide, and a split. Two horses had crossed the track and gone south; the others, veering westward, had "lit out" for the Santa Clara, and Randy Merriam, a trifle hungry now, was wishing with all his heart he had gone first to Florence, and left the inspection of the stables until afterwards. It was somewhere about two o'clock when they started. The men were booted and spurred, but Merriam was in ordinary trousers, and the troop horse he rode was quick to find the spur was gone and slow to mind the heel. The McClellan saddle, too, with its upright pommel and cantle, worried him after the ease of his own Whitman. When dawn came he was well-nigh ready to give up the chase after fording the Santa Clara and finding the trail had turned northwestward, when a sharp-eyed trooper swore he could see the quarry making for the foothills and not two miles ahead; so Merriam borrowed a single spur and pushed vehemently, vigorously on.

Then broad daylight came, and there could be no doubt they were gaining. The chase was hot. The pursued were tossing off saddle bags, riatas, and other detachable horse furniture to lighten their weight, but they stuck to their guns and ammunition. Merriam's men were considerably strung out, not more than six being well up within supporting distance, when the fact that they were in range of the greasers was demonstrated by the zip and sing of a bullet close alongside.

"That's business," muttered the trooper who rode close on his left rear. "Shall I try a shot, sir?"

Merriam shook his head. The situation had few points in its favor. Obedient to his orders to pursue and capture the gang, Randy had ridden hard, yet over many a mile had he asked himself the question—Suppose they resist arrest, what's to be done? He had no warrant. He was not even a deputy sheriff, not even the humblest constituent of a posse comitatus. If he or his men returned their fire and shot some of these unnatural naturalized voters and citizens, like as not an indictment for murder would be hanging over his head, if not hanging him in the course of a fortnight. True, there was no sheriff within 70 miles, and long before the civil authorities could be brought into play the murderers of Brady would be scattered all over the face of the earth. All the same, under the strict interpretation of the civil law, Lieut. Merriam knew that he and his people had no more business trying to arrest these renegades than they had to vote at a territorial election. In point of fact, like many another officer and man, soldier of Uncle Sam on the broad frontier, he was aware of the fact that even a horse thief had more civil rights than the trooper. His expedition, therefore, in the eye of the law was nothing more nor less than a lawless dash, winding up in a possible free fight, and all against the peace and dignity of the people of New Mexico. Perhaps Buxton knew this, too, but the orders he gave were peremptory, and Merriam never stopped to reply, reason why, or expostulate. But now when the renegades began to shoot the reasoning why had to be done. His men were hot for battle—so was he—but the nation expects of its officers that, no matter what the temptation, provocation or exasperation, they keep cool heads and tempers, only shoot when the law permits, but then shoot to kill. No claim of self-defense could be allowed. They were the pursuing and therefore the attacking party, and, though these Mexicans were followed red-handed, hot-footed, there could be no question what a civil jury would say if any of their dingy hides were punctured by the balls of a brutal soldiery.

Zip—bang!—a second shot. Bing-g-g-g wrrrr—bang! another, and Corporal Butts ducked his head and swore and Trooper Mullen's charger squealed and lunged and kicked viciously with the seam of a bullet scathing his flank and plowing the haunch. They were closing on the ruffians fast, then, and the temptation was overpowering. "I can't ride my men in to be shot down like dogs," growled Randy. "In for a penny in for a pound. They started it, anyway," he said to himself, then turned in saddle and waved high his forage cap. "Close up! Close up, men!" he cried, meaning to draw rein, slacken speed a bit, and get all his party together before closing for action. The Mexicans were plainly winded. Their half-starved brutes had carried them under bloody spurring as far as they could and were now barely staggering along. What their riders dreaded was summary stringing up to the railway telegraph poles if captured. Better die fighting, said the leader, and fight it was.

They were close to the entrance of a little ravine that set in among the barren slopes from the open ground to the east. All the way from the Santa Clara the ascent had been gradual but distinctly marked, and just as the foremost rider spurred around the shoulder of the hillside his panting broncho stumbled, went down, rolled helplessly over and lay there dead to kicks, curses or blows. Three of the gang lashed onward, leaving their countryman to his fate, but two of them, better nerved, reined up, alighted, and, throwing themselves flat upon the ground, opened again a rapid and telling fire from their Winchesters. "Mira! el Teniente," was the word, linked with a savage Spanish curse that hissed from the black lips of the nearest, and in an instant Merriam became the target for the sharp fire of three magazine rifles, famous for their accuracy at no greater distance than the 400 yards that now separated them. Almost before he could realize it Randy felt a sharp sting just at the outer edge of his bridle arm, and knew that the blood gushed from the wound. Then all of a sudden his poor troop horse plunged heavily forward, and, groaning and struggling, went down in a heap, bearing his rider helplessly with him.

Two minutes more, as some of the men dismounted and with rapid and effective fire scattered the Mexicans to shelter within the ravine, Corporal Butts and a trooper succeeded in pulling Merriam free from the madly lashing, struggling, stricken brute, and then it was found that their pallid, speechless leader had received some serious injury. All the breath was knocked out of his body and the bridle arm was broken midway between the wrist and elbow. That ended the chase. Four or five men, it is true, took advantage of the fact that the lieutenant was knocked out to dash ahead and have a personal affair with the greasers, and later in the day, when, after a long, long ride, Trooper Mullen reached a friendly ranchman on the Santa Clara and had him send out his spring wagon for the wounded officer, these enthusiasts came drifting back, there was reason for belief that their ammunition had not been entirely spent in vain. But it was a worn-out, used-up detachment, escorting a two-wheeled, improvised ambulance, that recrossed the Santa Clara late that afternoon and was met there by the assistant surgeon.

"I hope you saw Mrs. Merriam before you started," was Randy's faint greeting. "She wasn't much worried, was she? I tried to scrawl a line or two, and we made the messenger swear I was only lamed by the fall of the horse. You saw her—didn't you?"

"No—o," hesitated the doctor, "I didn't, Merriam. You see there wasn't time. You know how it is with old Bux. Steady with that stretcher there, steward. Just let me slip this support under the lieutenant's shoulder. You know Bux insisted on my starting instantly."

"But who took my note to her then? Who went to her?" persisted Randy. "It—it would never do to have her frightened—now—doctor."

"Oh, that'll be all right, Randy. Don't worry about that. I'm sure what she has heard hasn't hurt her. Mrs.—oh yes, Mrs. Hayne was over at your house when I came away."

"Thank God for that!" murmured poor Randy, as he took the drink the doctor gave him. "Heaven bless that dear woman, anyhow. Now get me home as soon as you can, old fellow."

But the whispered caution to the driver, given as the doctor reappeared and, mounting, rode alongside, was: "Go slow—slow as you can." Then to the hospital attendant who had ridden out with him he muttered: "Now ride ahead, Parks, and see if there's any news.

CHAPTER XII.

When Florence regained strength enough to move she crept slowly back to her little parlor, where the beacon lights that were to summon her husband were still faithfully, fruitlessly burning. She looked in at the dining-room and its preparation for cheer and welcome, and turned away with a shiver of disgust, and then, with a moan of pathetic misery, threw herself into an armchair and tried to think. What should she do? What could she do? Her love for Randy was so fond, so glowing, that she had gifted him with the qualities of a god, leaning upon him in everything, trusting him in everything, relying upon his word as though it were a pledge on high; and yet within these few hours he had, all unasked, given her his promise not to see or speak with that—woman again except he came first to her—his wife—and told her the need; then had gone secretly, almost directly, to meet his old love in the shadows of the night long after the hour that usually saw the last light extinguished along officers' row.

If her old friend from baby days, the colonel, had come to her and said that

Carrying her rider helplessly with her.

Randy was false; if her idol, her beloved father, had added his confirmation of the colonel's views, she would have laughed them down so long as Randy—her hero Randy—swore that he was true. Many a woman will stand by her lover against a world in evidence, yet turn to stone against him when she sees one apparent sign of interest in another. Poor girl! He was her first, her only love. He was hers and only hers, and should be only hers, for when that other—creature had scorned and denied him, had he not been brought sore stricken to her doors? Had she not won him back to life through the wealth and glory of her own unsuspected love? From the day of their wedding until this woman came never had she known a wish that was not his. Day and night she dreamed, planned, and thought for him, sought only to make herself worthier his love, dearer to his eyes—sweeter to his caress. Who was there to compare with him in manliness, in courtesy, in knightly bearing? What officer was the peer of Randy—what officer even in the dear old Riflers with whom had been her home from baby days? They chided her, some of the girls, in what they called her defection. "You used to say there could be no regiment like the Riflers, Floy. You used to vow you'd never marry out of the old regiment." "Aye, but that was before Randy came," was her simple answer, and then they told her Randy was her world, and proudly she answered: "I believe he is." They warned her—some of the older and wiser matrons—and God knows they had much on which to base their views—it was never safe to love any man too much, even Randy; to which she answered with sunshine in her eyes: "How could one love Randy too much?" Mind you, she never volunteered these overflowings of her heart, but these women had been her friends from her earliest days. She was still shy, even with him, but such well-meant warnings always seemed to put her on the defensive, as it were, and, poor child, she believed it her duty to her husband that she should never allow him to go undefended, even though the attack were intangible as a woman's sneer. And they looked so well together, and he was so proud of her, so devoted to her "so conscious of her," as some one said. Nowhere in that garrison was there man or woman who was able to say that Randy had not borne himself as an almost ideal lover and husband ever since that sun-kissed wedding day. Many could even feel a sense of what is called "agreeable disappointment," which always strikes me as a phraseological parallel for that other remarkable euphemism of so many of our countrywomen—"she's enjoying poor health." Yet withal, Florence had the sympathy, the genuine affection of all Fort Sedgwick, even in—or rather notwithstanding—her enthusiastic estimate of Randy's qualities as husband and as man, and her own extreme beatitude as wife. Then Mrs. Buxton ventured to fire a shot, as she stood watching them strolling homeward after parade one evening, absorbed in one another, and to observe to her own supremely indifferent lord: "There now, Bux, there's another girl making a fool of herself over a man, only she's the sweetest fool I ever knew in my born days."

Bux himself roared it out for Floy's benefit not long after, and did it so that half Fort Sedgwick heard it, for the one valuable quality Bux possessed as a cavalry officer was his voice. The volume of sound he could produce when bellowing instructions to a regimental skirmish line was something prodigious, but of so rasping and exasperating a timbre that his old-time derider, Blake, likened it in force to a fog horn and in staying power to boiled cabbage—not a neat comparison but one expressly fitting.

And now, strangely enough, this maddest of nights poor Florence could not get those words and that tone out of her head. She had flushed and turned speechless away at the time, hurt to her soul and indignant, too, but the training of her youth was strong. These were people her father and mother had taught her to respect, and though angry, indignant remonstrance was in her heart, she stifled the words that strove to spring to her lips.

"I expect I've put my foot in it again to-day," reported Bux to his better half, when he got home.

"Well, I'm sure I'm never surprised," was the lady's prompt reply.

"I fear I've been rude to Col. Buxton, Randy," faltered Floy, when that gentleman came in from troop drill an hour later.

"You couldn't be rude even to Bux, my darling," was his answer, as he folded her in his arms.

And these are not types of the "first year wedded" and the "quarter century mated" love as seen in the army. I have known many and many a couple who have risen together through every grade in the line, loved, loving and lovers to the end.

At one o'clock Florence had set her lights in the parlor window. At two, with that booming, gong-like sound reverberating in her ears, that incessant repetition of Buxton's coarse words, she had sprung from the chair in which she had been brooding, writhing, shuddering for half an hour, and then, tearing down the shade, close looping the curtains, she hurried to the hall and locked and bolted the door. "Another girl making a fool of herself for a man—another girl!" God! how the words rang—resounded through her brain, buzzed and whirred like angry wasps in her ears, hissed and rattled, aye, stung like the venomous reptiles she had learned to shun from early childhood. "Making a fool of herself for a man who would leave her—so soon—for that painted—yes—that padded thing!" They'd soon learn that an army-bred girl loved, indeed, with all her heart and soul, but could hate, hate, hate as well!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**The Long Journey.**

In a certain township not many miles from Cleveland the good man of a local household was laid away in the little churchyard on the hill. After the funeral the relatives, both near and distant, returned to the family home and the officiating pastor came with them. There they enjoyed a good dinner and afterward gathered in the best room for social converse. Naturally their talk turned upon the serious event of the day, and presently the good pastor, drawing a deep sigh, solemnly remarked: "Well, our departed brother has gone a long journey."

There was a brief silence, and then the cousin of the deceased, a fussy little woman with an intense desire to bear a share in the conversation, suddenly remarked, in a tone of profound wisdom: "Well, you know, brother, thet they all say that travel is such an eddicator!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Solution.**

"But your mother has no objection to my becoming one of the family."

"Then perhaps she means to marry you herself!"—Ally Sloper.

## THE TRUSTS TO FIGHT.

**Republican Success Gives the Monopolists a Fresh Hold on the Nation's Finances.**

Now that the republicans have gained entire control of the law-making machinery of the government, the reign of trusts will continue with added splendor.

For the next two years there will be a grand rush on the part of what McKinley calls "our best business interests" to get into combines which will kill competition and lower the wages of the workingmen.

When the news of republican success was received in New York all the trust stocks went up with a bound and this fact demonstrates what the money power thinks is going to be the result of unrestrained republican power.

To the transportation trust, the Standard Oil trust, the sugar trust and the other trusts controlling $2,000,000,000 of capital will be added next winter the money trust—the king of all the combines.

Already the administration newspapers are demanding the passage, in extra session, of the "reform" currency bill. When that measure becomes a law there will be one great central bank and 10,000 branches. Competition in the money market will be slain. Business will be entirely at the mercy of the enormous and merciless money power.

What can the people do under such circumstances? They can fight the slavery of the trusts as the opponents of human slavery fought that institution.

They can insist that such laws as now exist against the trusts shall be enforced, and if these laws are not enforced they can call attention to the venality of those in power and denounce the rascals who thrive by robbery.

There is a tremendous struggle impending. Democrats should gird themselves for the conflict. The fight will be bitter, the odds are tremendous, but in the long run the right must and will prevail.—Chicago Democrat.

## A LIVING QUESTION.

**It Will Engage the Attention of the People During the Next Two Years.**

The currency question will probably engage the attention of our statesmen and the public generally in the next few years more than any other subject. It therefore behooves everybody to study both sides of it, because each voter has a voice in determining whether the United States shall have a single standard of gold or whether it shall have the bimetallic standard of gold and silver adopted by our fathers in 1792 and which was the settled policy of this country until the 12th day of February, 1873. This is all important because our very existence as a nation depends upon a normal supply of money. This question is too important to be studied with a view of sustaining the platform of any political party. It should be studied with the single idea of determining whether bimetalism is best for the people. If so, then it ought to be adopted, and anyone who opposes it through selfish or sinister motives is a traitor to his government and an enemy to mankind. It is conceded by some writers that money has three functions. It is a medium of exchange, a measure of value and a standard of value. Stability of value and portability are two important qualities of money. If this be true, the question then naturally arises: Do gold and silver, or either of them, possess these two qualities? Both possess portability, but are they stable in value? Jevons, who was a gold standard writer, says: "Gold fell in value from 1789 to 1809 46 per cent. From 1809 to 1849 it rose 149 per cent." From 1849 to 1873 it fell at least 20 per cent., and from 1873 to 1897 it has certainly risen in value 85 per cent. Both metals are subject to the great economic law of supply and demand. Their value constantly fluctuates according to the uses to which they are put.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

——The gold money of all nations would not suffice to pay six months' interest of the world's indebtedness.—Illinois State Register.

——Senator Hanna wants a duty on coffee and tea. This will hit the average American going and coming.—Chicago Tribune (Rep.).

——The returns from the elections suggest that the people have concluded to save the country from McKinleyism on the installment plan.—Kansas City Times.

——The g. o. p. already begins to talk of cutting the tariff. That is the republican party all over. It is always ready to forestall democratic reform to keep in office.—Boston Traveler.

——Protected interests at home are just now besetting the president to know what he will recommend congress as to tariff relations with our new dependencies.—N. Y. World.

——The republican majority of 47 and plurality of 72 in the Fifty-fifth congress has been reduced to a narrow margin. The democrats have gained at least 30 and perhaps 35 or 40 seats, besides cutting down the majorities of republican congressmen in all parts of the country.—N. Y. World.

## CONSULTING A WOMAN.

**Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Inspires Confidence and Hope.**

Examination by a male physician is a hard trial to a delicately organized woman.

She puts it off as long as she dare, and is only driven to it by fear of cancer, polypus, or some dreadful ill.

Most frequently such a woman leaves a physician's office where she has undergone a critical examination with an impression, more or less, of discouragement.

This condition of the mind destroys the effect of advice; and she grows worse rather than better. In consulting Mrs. Pinkham no hesitation need be felt, the story is told to a woman and is wholly confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., she offers sick women her advice without charge.

Her intimate knowledge of women's troubles makes her letter of advice a wellspring of hope, and her wide experience and skill point the way to health.

"I suffered with ovarian trouble for seven years, and no doctor knew what was the matter with me. I had spells which would last for two days or more. I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken seven bottles of it, and am entirely cured."—MRS. JOHN FOREMAN, 26 N. Woodberry Ave., Baltimore, Md.

The above letter from Mrs. Foreman is only one of thousands.


## HAD FUN WITH HIM.

**An Artistic Landsman Gets Some Pointers from the Jolly Sea Rovers.**

The sailor man, when in deep water, cannot conceal the feeling of superiority with which he regards the untarred landlubber. Some of the noncombatants who sailed the gulf and the Caribbean during the war learned to keep an eye on the mariners, and others gained painful experience before they got their sea legs.

An artist who boarded a grimy tugboat clad in white linen found his coat covered with coal dust when he was a day from port and decided to wash it. He filled a bucket with sea water and fell to work. When he had scrubbed the garment for 20 minutes he was satisfied.

Then it occurred to him to starch the coat pockets. He did so, and pulled out—his gold watch.

He was perturbed. The crew laughed and he rebuked them. They bided their time. Then one of them told the artist that the proper way to restore the coat to its normal color was to tie a line to it, heave it overboard and tow it for a few hours. The artist did so.

When he went below a deck hand hauled the coat aboard, untied the line and hidin the coat made fast a ragged piece of white duck and threw it overboard.

When the owner of the coat pulled in his line he was the angriest man on the tug. And he didn't know just how to accept a deck hand's glibly made explanation, which was that a shark had seized the coat, until the garment was restored to him.—N. Y. Herald.


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"Don't say you work like a slave;" say you "work like a fool."—Atchison Globe.


Christmas coming. Use St. Jacobs for pain. Have a happy one.


The use of his tongue is not what makes a canine a lap dog.—Golden Days.


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# The Cause of Free Silver.

## A BUGABOO.

**Only Intellectual Imbeciles Ever Resort to the "Fifty-Cent Dollar" as an Argument.**

The creditor combination, who own the debts of the world are interested in making money scarce and dear and everything that money buys cheap, have invented many ingenious phrases to deceive their unwary victims—the laboring and producing classes. The creditor combination is the money octopus. It holds demands against mankind for the entire stock of gold money in the world 40 times over. The amount of interest it gathers in six months equals the total gold money in existence. To make money scarce and dear is to increase its wealth and power and to correspondingly weaken the ability of the people to resist any demands it makes.

This rich, powerful and crafty combination understands every prejudice of the human heart and every weakness of the human intellect. By skillfully manipulating these they not only secure acquiescence in their schemes of robbery and spoliation but cause their victims to zealously do their work.

Among the various catch phrases coined in the parlors of the world's great pawn shops to deceive their unwary victims are numerous ingenious and sophistical appeals to the moral sense, the pride, and the passions of man. The craft, cunning and ingenuity of the phrases used are evidenced by their acceptance as truth by millions of unsuspecting victims.

One of the statements that has done, and is doing duty for the gold combination, is the cry of a "50-cent dollar." It is not uncommon to hear men suspected of average intelligence who wear clean shirts and whose ordinary pretensions pass muster, echoing the 50-cent dollar argument. If such persons realized that such arguments exposed their weakness of intellect and caused them to forfeit the respect of their more intelligent associates they would protect themselves against being classed as intellectual imbeciles by declining to ever repeat them.

The argument current among many thoughtless victims of gold monopoly is "that the reopening of the mints to the free coinage of silver would enable miners and other owners of silver to have 50 cents' worth of their material stamped a dollar by the government and empowered by law to discharge a dollar of debt; that this dollar would only be worth 50 cents actual value, and that therefore, gold dollars worth twice as much would no longer circulate side by side with them, concurrently and interchangeably, making purchases and payments; that the withdrawal of the gold money from circulation would cause a terrific contraction of the money volume, making money so scarce that it would cripple business and ruin debtors; and that the business of the country would then be transacted with dollars worth only 50 cents."

It must be remembered that money is desired, not for the purpose of swapping dollars of different material, but as a medium of exchange to facilitate the work of producing and exchanging commodities. The value of money, whether made of gold, silver or paper, is the amount of other things in general it can be exchanged for. When money made of material such as gold and silver that can be reminted into the coin of another country free of charge in whatever quantity obtainable, such money material will move from one country to another seeking the market wherein it can be exchanged for the most goods, and commodities will seek such countries as they can be exchanged for the largest amount of such money material. Thus it will be seen that the whereabouts of gold must always be determined by the prices of commodities.

So long as commodities are priced in and exchanged for money whenever money becomes scarce prices must fall. So any attempt to take any large amount of gold out of circulation would cause such a fall in prices as to at once call the gold back again by giving it a greater power to exchange for commodities here than elsewhere.

Thus it will be seen how absurd is the claim that our gold could leave on any account so long as prices in this country do not go above the international gold price level. Again, that our volume of money would be contracted to a point that business would be cramped and debtors ruined, and at the same time we would have in circulation dollars worth only 50 cents, or one-half as much as before; that they could only be exchanged for one-half the amount of other things, reaches the climax of transcendant absurdity.

To say that money, the one thing of universal and constant demand having full debt-paying power can be made scarce and cheap at the same time, so scarce that it will stagnate business and ruin debtors while it can be obtained for one-half the labor or sacrifice it could before and everything for sale will command double the amount of it in exchange, is to confound all logic and common sense. Whenever you hear a laborer, a producer, or taxpayer, or any other person not a millionaire bondholder make such an argument, please examine the size of his ears.—Silver Knight Watchman.

## A DARK OUTLOOK.

**How the Gold Standard Works in the the Far East—Prospect for Our Cotton Manufacturers.**

An English member of the legislative council, Hong-Kong, China, gives in an English publication the following remarks on the way the gold standard works in China and the east, and how, by that working, the countries with a single money standard are placed at a disadvantage. This country is anticipating a share of the increased commerce which must inevitably result from the reconstruction of China, and, with England, is equally concerned in the workings of the gold standard in the far east.

"Let me explain that silver will still employ the same quantity of oriental labor as it did 20 or 30 years ago. The inadequacy of our monetary standard therefore allows eastern countries to now employ at least 100 per cent. more of labor for a given amount of gold than they could do 25 years ago. To make this important statement quite clear allow me to give the following example. In 1870 ten rupees was the equivalent of one sovereign under the joint standard of gold and silver, and paid 20 men for one day. To-day 20 rupees are about the equivalent of one sovereign, so that for 20 rupees 40 men can be engaged for one day, instead of 20 men, as in 1870. Against such a disability British (nor American) labor cannot possibly compete.

"In oriental countries silver will still pay for the same quantity of labor as formerly. Yet, as now measured in gold, silver is worth less than half of the gold it formerly equaled. For example, a certain quantity of labor could have been engaged in England 20 years ago for, say, eight shillings. Eight shillings in England will now pay for no more labor than formerly, wages being about the same, and they have still by our law exactly the same monetary value as formerly, though their metallic value has, by the appreciation of gold, been reduced to less than sixpence each. The two dollars exactly similar to the old one can employ the same quantity of labor as before, but do no more, yet at the present gold price they are only equal to four shillings. Therefore it is possible now to employ as much labor in Asia for four shillings of our money, or the equivalent thereof in silver, as could have been employed 20 years ago for eight shillings, or its then equivalent in silver. The value of oriental labor having thus been reduced by upwards of 55 per cent. in gold money compared with what it was formerly, it will be able to produce manufactures and commodities just so much cheaper than the labor in gold-standard countries. Therefore, unless our monetary law is amended, or unless British labor is prepared to accept a large reduction of wages, British industrial trades must inevitably leave British shores, because their products will be superseded by the establishment of industries in silver standard countries."

Mr. Whitehead might truthfully have added that the silver standard countries will soon not only be prepared to supply their own needs, but also to invade the gold standard countries. For instance, Japan could sell in England at prices one-third less than prevail in Japan; and, by exchanging the gold money received into silver money, can take home to Japan large profits. Thus the American and European mechanics will not only be forced to compete with the Asiatic cheap and patient labor and skill, but in addition will be at the disadvantage in the competition by reason of the difference between the gold and silver standards of financial exchange.

The same authority also called attention to the fact that, from the causes described, the last four years, our (English) exports show a decrease of £54,000,000 has unfortunately nothing disputable about it. The returns of the 57 spinning companies of Lancashire for 1894, show an aggregate adverse balance of £411,000. Against this the increase in the export of Indian yarns and piece goods to Japan has been simply colossal, and the cotton mills at Hiogo, in Japan, for 1891, showed an average profit of seventeen per cent. Sir Thomas Sutherland has said that before long the Peninsular & Oriental company may be building its ships on the Yang tze, and Mr. Whitehead believes that oriental countries will soon be competing in European markets. However much we may differ about proposed remedies, statements like these from the mouths of experts afford matter for serious reflection.—Mississippi Valley Democrat.

**Gold Doesn't Fill the Bill.**

"Whatever does the money work is the money thing."

## ALTGELD'S OPINION.

**The Republican Victory Shows Growing Weakness of the Party.**

When viewed as a whole, the 1893 election was favorable to the democrats. While the democrats in congress and out of congress forced the administration into the war they knew that it would give it a tremendous political advantage, for they knew the war must be successful, and a successful war always strengthens the party in power. The republicans should have received much larger majorities than two years ago. Instead of that they have lost 40 congressmen and a large number of others had their majorities almost wiped out. One more such a republican victory will destroy that party, and forever end the hypocrisy and false pretense now reigning in Washington. The democrats have not lost a single state that they carried two years ago, but, on the contrary, have elected a governor in Minnesota, which is equal to a miracle. That element of the democratic party which has favored the abandonment of all principle, and has urged harmony for the sake of spoils has had a chance to try its scheme, and has utterly failed. In Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut and one or two other states, where they refused to indorse the national platform, they have suffered humiliating defeat, although in some of these states the conditions favored the democratic victory. I understand that nearly every democratic congressman elected in these states was successful because he told his constituents, if elected, he would support the national platform. That fraudulent sideshow called gold democracy will now pass out of existence, and the democratic party from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will line up on higher ground. It will assume the aggressive, and not only fight for the mighty principles enunciated in 1896, but will make itself the champion of struggling humanity. It will pull this country out of the pool of corruption into which the republicans have dragged it, and it will lead our people toward a higher civilization. Tuesday's election will make Mr. Bryan more formidable than he ever was, because it is going to bring to the front the great principles which he has advocated.

JOHN P. ALTGELD.

## EVIL OF FALLING PRICES.

**Discourage Industry and Reduce Wages But Pile Up Money in the Banks.**

Falling prices are an industrial, economic, political and social evil of almost unparalleled proportions. They discourage industry, drive money from activity into idleness, from the channels of trade into the bank vaults, reduce wages and throw laborers out of employment, make property unproductive, and therefore worthless, destroy equities, increase the burden of taxes and all fixed changes, ruin debtors, pile up wealth in the hands of the few, encourage the formation of trusts, monopolies and combines, make producers the prey of middlemen, strengthen the hold of the merely rich upon the political machinery of the state, stifle the spirit of liberty among the masses, multiply immorality, and, if long enough protracted, inevitably lead to the overthrow and demolition of the fabric of popular government. Time will not permit a citation of the almost innumerable examples confirmatory of this view afforded by the history of nations. Hume sums up the lesson of the past on this point as follows: "Falling prices and misery and destruction are inseparable companions. The disasters of the dark ages were caused by declining money and falling prices." Allison, Horton, Brooks Adams and numerous other historical writers, besides most of the great economists, have borne unvarying and authoritative testimony to the same effect. On the other hand, stable or rising prices have always been associated with prosperity and progress. To quote Hume again: "With the increase of money, labor and industry gather new life." Our opponents are respectfully requested to cite to us in the course of these debates some instances where falling prices were associated with advancement and happiness.

—The incompetence of the war department results in an appeal from the friends of enlisted men that they be permitted to return to civil life, where they can at least earn their bread, which a rich government has not provided for its troops. What better proof of the disastrous effect of official neglect upon the patriotic sentiment of the country?—N. Y. Herald.

—Gage will have a hard time getting his pet measures through congress, even if it is republican by a small margin. There are several republicans holding seats in congress who do not believe that fastening the country more firmly to the gold standard is promoting international bimetallism very much.—Illinois State Register.

—Protection organs have shouted themselves black in the face about how protection built up the tin business in America. Just now they are audibly silent on how protection is building up a tin trust.—Toledo Bee.


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## Women Should Know It.

Many women suffer untold agony and misery because the nature of their disease is not correctly understood. They have been led to believe that womb trouble or female weakness of some sort is responsible for the many ills that beset womankind.

Neuralgea, nervousness, headache, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, rheumatism, a dragging pain or dull ache in the back, weakness or bearing down sensation, profuse or scanty supply of urine with strong odor, frequent desire to pass it with scalding or burning sensation, sediment in it after standing in bottle or common glass for 24 hours, are signs of kidney and bladder trouble.

The above symptoms are often attributed by the patient herself or by her physician to female weakness or womb trouble. Hence, so many fail to obtain relief, because they are treating, not the disease itself, but a reflection of the primary cause, which is kidney trouble.

In fact, women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble and both need the same remedy.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root is the great discovery of the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is easy to get at any drug store for 50 cents or $1.

To prove its wonderful merits you may have a sample bottle and book telling all about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Kindly mention THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghampton, N. Y.

### MAYTOWN MISSIVES.

Capt. Sample and Mr. Phelps are on the sick list.

Miss Lizzie Phelps has been quite sick since Friday.

School re-opened Monday, January 2, with a good attendance.

Mr. Millard Richie went to Floyd County on business last week.

Capt. W. P. Sample returned from Montgomery County last week.

At Sunday school last Sabbath new officers and teachers were elected.

Mrs. Lizzie Kash visited her daughter, Mrs. Richie, during the holidays.

Mrs. Jude Bolin who has been dangerously ill for some time past is yet very sick.

Revs. Tyler and Johnson closed their meeting at this place on New Year's night.

Mr. Asa Pieratt and family from Greasy visited Joe Pieratt Saturday and Sunday.

The watch meeting was held at the Methodist Church Saturday night, December 31, '89.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Kash visited her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Wills, Xmas days.

Mrs. Jordan Wills who has been very sick for the past two or three weeks is able to be up again.

Mrs. F. N. Day visited her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Wills Monday and Tuesday.

Emery James and Hiskel Sally of and near Hazel Green are putting up a chimney for Jordan Wills this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtain and Minnie L. Day were highly entertained at the home of Joe Pieratt on Saturday night.

Married at Manila, Wednesday, Joe Murphy and Miss Lennie Connoy at the bride's home—Rev. Tyler officiating.

J. M. Honaker of Toliver, Wade McClure from the country, and Roy Pieratt and Vernie Clark of town enrolled in school Monday morning.

The enrollment of the winter school at this place, which is being successfully taught by Minnie L. Day, now reaches 50; attendance very good.

Married in the Methodist Church Sunday night, January 1. Mr. W—— to Miss Mary Dunaway. Quite a romantic wedding. The whole community wish them much happiness. Rev. Tyler officiated.

On Sunday eve, January 8, Clarence Pieratt gave Maytown and community quite a surprise by bringing his bride, Myrtle Williams, in home so suddenly and unexpectedly. They were married at the bride's home on Greasy that afternoon. Quite a number of the young folks gave them a hearty welcome and wished them much joy and future happiness.

Quite a number of new scholars enrolled in school here this week. The following are those out of town: Miss Lucy Lyon from Frenchburg, Miss Zeola Sample from Montgomery County, Mr. J. R Little, Flat Rock, Mr. J. J. Bruer from Toliver, Luther R. May from near Camargo. The enrollment now numbers 46 and greater interest in school work than ever before.

In 1900 Iceland will celebrate the 900th anniversary of the introduction of Christiany into the island.

### Bryan on Expansion.

"It is astonishing that any man living in this age of the world, living in the United States, should uphold the doctrine of securing land by conquest. Jefferson was against it. Blaine was against it in 1890, and a year ago last December the President of the United States sent a message to Congress, and in that message he said: 'I speak not of forcible annexation, because that is not to be thought of; under our code of morality that would be criminal agression.'

"I say give independence to the people of Cuba, not because we promised it to them, but because they fought for it and have right to it. Why cannot we apply the same principle to the Philippines? Why should we purchase a title to the Phillippines from Spain? We declared Spain did not have any title to Cuba. When I buy the Philippines I want to deal directly with them."

### The Laborer Is Worthy His Hire.

Thankful to the people of this and the surrounding community for their liberal patronage since I have been a practicing physician at Hazel Green, I wish to say to those who have paid me that I am ready to answer any or all professional calls night or day, and will take pleasure in doing so. But to those who have never paid me anything, I desire to say that I will take it as a special favor if you will pay me, at least a part of my bill, or else employ some other physician, for I cannot afford to practice for you any more on promises. Now, if you don't mean to pay me what you owe me, for my sake and the sake of my children don't send after me.

With respect to all,
A. C. NICKELL, M. D.

### Cincinnati Live Stock Market.

The Cincinnati Live Stock Record, of Friday, gives the following as the best prices for that day:

Best price for cattle, $5.00.

Top price for calves, $6.75.

Top price of heavy hogs, $3.70; light, $3.75.

Sheep brought $3.75.

Best price for spring lambs, $5.40.

The above were actual sales, but it should be borne in mind that they represent the best of their class on the market that day. THE HERALD will each week give the best sales of the Friday before, which is alone worth the price of the paper. NOW is the time to subscribe.

### La Grippe Successfully Treated.

"I have just recovered from the second attack of la grippe this year," says Mr. Jas. A. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexia, Texas. "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and I think with considerable success, only being in bed a little over two days against ten days for the former attack. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy as I had to go to bed in about six hours after being 'struck' with it, while in the first case I was able to attend to business about two days before getting 'down.'" For sale by J. Taylor Day

The cruiser Buffalo arrived at Port Said last Wednesday on the way to Manilla, just sixteen and one-half days out from New York. She broke all naval records up to that point in her voyage.

### Coughed 25 Years.

I suffered for 25 years with a cough, and spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for medicine to no avail until I used Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. This remedy makes weak lungs strong. It has saved my life.—J. B. Rossell, Grantsburg, Ill.

J. C. Thompson, cashier of the First National Bank at Sedalia, Mo., is reported to have made a great deal of money in Mexico, and proposes to return home and settle with the depositors.

### Weak Eyes Are Made Strong,

dim vision made clear, styes removed and granulated lids or sore eyes of any kind speedily and effectually cured by the use of Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve. It's put up in tubes, and sold on a guarantee by all good druggists.

It is reported that an Italian cruiser has been ordered to Colombian waters to demand satisfaction for alleged recent insults offered to Italian naval officers growing out of the Cerruti affair.

### The Eagle, King of All Birds,

is noted for its keen sight, clear and distinct vision. So are those persons who use Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve for weak eyes, styes, sore eyes of any kind or granulated lids. Sold by all dealers at 25 cents.

The President is determined, if possible, to avoid an extra session of Congress, and all the efforts of the friends of the administration in both houses will be directed toward that end.

### Lung Irritation

is the forerunner to consumption. Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey will cure it, and give such strength to the lungs that a cough or a cold will not settle there. 25 cents at all good druggists.

### To the Public.

We are authorized to guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and if not satisfactory to refund the money to the purchaser. There is no better medicine made made for la grippe, colds and whooping cough. Price, 25 and 50c per bottle. Try it. J. Taylor Day.

The Navy Department has ordered the battleships Iowa and Oregon at Callao, Peru, to hasten to the Philippines with all possible speed.

Send your laundry to the Winchester Power Laundry, the best in the state, D. B. Litteral is agent at Hazel Green, and will call for and deliver goods in town. He will also forward all packages sent in from the country. 27-tf.

Joseph Vacher, the French "Jack the Ripper," was guillotined in Paris for his crimes, but protested his innocence to the last.

Gen. Wheeler acribes his hardiness to regular hours. He goes to bed at 10 and rises at 7:30 in the morning.


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## Some Plain Facts.

Grave errors, injustice, wrongs of greater or less degree, arise from lack of knowledge of the truth, and more frequently from deception.

The most infamous case on record of deception and injustice is the attempt to demonetize silver as a money of final redemption in the United States.

There is no learned judge, skilled lawyer, or court of justice that is capable of reconciling the effort with the constitutional laws that govern the issue of money in this country.

The people have been deceived, officials in power, chosen to administer justice under the laws, have ignored their sworn duty, and given aid to the scheme that has paralyzed industry, reduced property values one-half, and beggared millions.

There is no authority of law, either specific or by inference, by which gold alone is made the only money with which to discharge debts, either public or private. The effort to make it so is unconstitutional and a national calamity.

Plain and ample information, facts, and truth, concerning this almost successful scheme to corner the wealth of the people, is now being printed in the Cincinnati Enquirer, a newspaper which the combined power of money has failed to muzzle or buy.

The Weekly Enquirer is only 75c. a year. The address is

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### Commissioner's Notice.

WOLFE CIRCUIT COURT.

H. C. Hurst, &c., Plaintiffs, against W. L. Hurst, Exr., &c., Defendants. } Equity.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Samuel Hurst, deceased, that the undersigned, Commissioner of the Wolfe Circuit Court, under an order in the above styled cause, will attend at the Circuit Court Clerk's office in Campton, Ky., on the 3rd day of January, 1899, to receive and hear proof of claims against said decedent; and settle the accounts between the parties hereto; and will also make a settlement with W. L. Hurst, Executor of Samuel Hurst, and will continue my sittings from day to day (Sundays excepted) until the same shall have been completed.

J. F. VANSANT, M. C. W. C. C.


ROLLIN A. KASH,
ATTORNEY-at-LAW,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,

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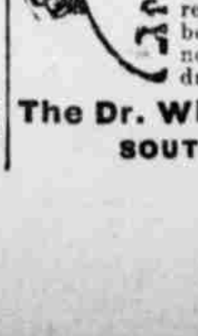

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